BANKERS THESE OF GREAT RENOWN.

Stray Glimpses of the Mighty Men That Handle Our Bullion and Our Billions and Furnish Morals for Young America.

LUCK, PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE ARE THE WINNING CARDS.

If Adam Had Counted 109 Per Minute to the Present Day He Would Reach the Business of the New York Clearing House.

Which would you rather do or be, a great, great banker?

Would you rather fill the presidential chair of one of our great national banks or rattle around like a desiccated pea in your grandpopper's hat? Eh? Come, now, answer right and you may go up to the head.

It is very nice, of course, very grand and historical, to be the chap who writes Thanksgiving proclamations for the whole of these United States. It would be just grand to wake up some fine Christmas morning to the music of departing sleigh bells and find in your Chicagoesque sock a great big, high backed, maroon upholstered chair with the initials "U. S." cut in the back and a big white house with a damp cellar at your service. It makes you very proud indeed to think that you are chief lackey to seventy-five millions of

people of all shades and colors and heights and depths of character-all looking for

office. in the full length mirror which has reflected the figures of your predecessors, Washington and Adams, Ruthy Hayes, and all the rest of the can't help feeling that you are quite a considerable hill of potatoes after all; the cynosure, so to speak, of the optics of

But when it comes to real power-Power with a capital P-the president of a mere nation isn't in it with the president of a great bank. And as for fame-why, there are a thousand million people on this terrestrial ball to whom the name of Rothschild is familiar who never heard the name of little Benny Harrison nor even that of his illustrious

Princes, potentates and warriors have been salasming and cringing to bankers ever since the time when Adam began to cut coupons from the primeval fig tree, or Eve indorsed the notes of that polite but naughty serpent.

A MIGHTY ENGINE, It is a great thing to be engineer on one of these vast locomotives without which the business of the Continent would be stalled as effectually as freight trains in a blizzard, and feel that the safety of millions depends on your eye and hand and trained intelligence. There are many alluring side tracks and switches on the road of finance but the way to success is straight and sure, and happy the man who does not swerve from it. He may not be a many millionnaire, like the few great gamblers who have fought their way tortuously and meanly to great wealth, trampling on the prostrate bodies of their victims as they went, but he can always be sure of a brown stone front and his own horses and carriages and all the little etceteras cumulation for the little folks, even if there be not enough to make the lawyers rich and turn his kin into ravening wolves.

Think of the pleasure, oh, my beloved! of sitting in the office of the Chemical Bank, let us say, like

which almost has no hiswhich almost has no history, it has been so uniformly successful; a bank every dollar of whose stock is worth at least \$46.

Enter one of the so called kings of giants of the railroad world—the Little Wizard, for instance, quoted at a couple of hundred millions, hal ha!

He wants a temporary loan—half a million or so.
He throws out the suggestion of the stock of the suggestion of the sug

He throws out the suggestion in an off-hand way, as if he thought that all he had to do was to name the figure and you

would hasten to shove the money into his greedy do it, but you are not that kind. That isn't the way to make stock worth forty-six hundred per

way to make coent.

No; you go slow.

"Ah let me see. Mr.—, what did you say the name was? Oh, yes. Well, what security have you to offer?"

Great railroad king looks a trifle disconcerted, but braces up and suggests bonds of the Fort Podge and Skinyourbrother, a few hundred thousands of the Tailapoesa Western preferred, and a handful of other balloons, with perhaps a little sugar and gas—Chicago gas; think of it!—thrown hallsat the lot.

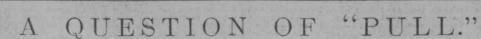
bandful of other balloons, sugar and gas—Chicago gas; think of itl—turval in to ballast the lot.

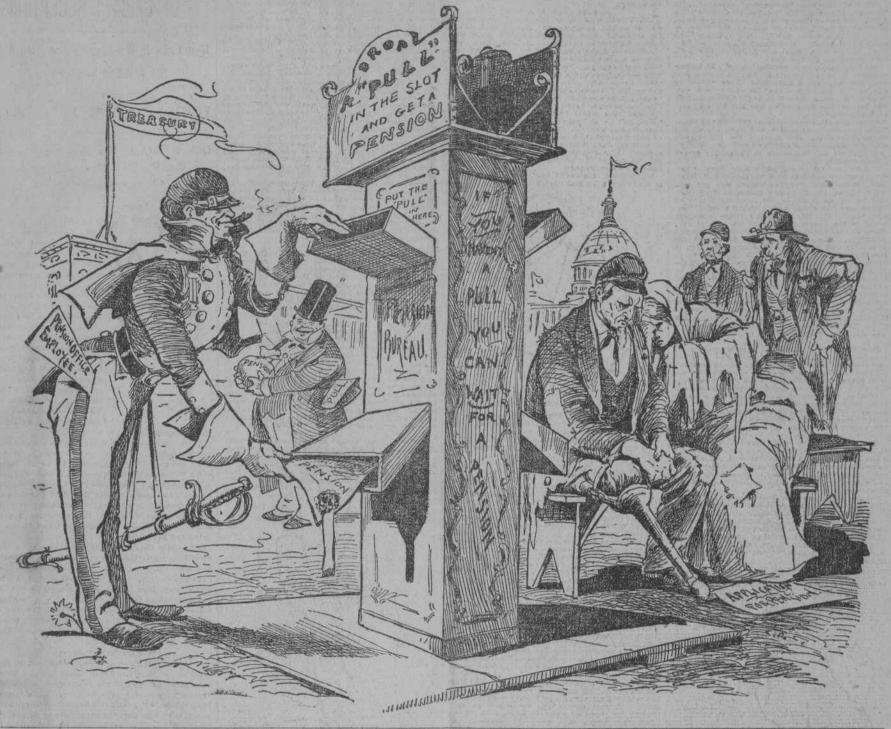
You look the lot over carefully and hand them back with a gracious smile.

"I am very sorry Mr.—, ah, I forget the name—but I fear these securities will not do. Our directors have a curious and almost inexcusable prejudice in favor of dividend payers and government

G. G. WILLIAMS.







of the wonderfully complex and perfect system which in 1881 successfully exchanged \$48,500,000,000 and over whose counter was actually paid over \$1,700,000,000 in money to balance the accounts between the different banks doing business with it.

Nearly nine hundred billions was the amount of business done in the first thirty-six years of its existence. Perhaps you think this is not much. If Adam were alive to-day and had been counting since the day of his creation (5,889 years) he would have had to count at the rate of 109 per minute, day and night, to reach this appalling sum. So there!

DON'T FORGET THE CENT.

If you are hungering and thirsting for figures here are a few that amuse the statistical fiends of Wall street:—

Vell, I will tell you a

Well, I will tell you a secret. The cumipotent back president is just as human as any of us, and sometimes a little more so. He is as variezated as the feathers of a Plymouth Rock rooster. He is all sorts of fellows. Some of the hind are the joiliest good follows imaginable. Some are so mean that they never carry an ambrella. And there are some, I regret to say, who tremble every time they see their names in the paper, for fear that "it" has come to light at last. I promise you that none of the latter shall find a place in this article. We will leave the curmudgeous to the tender mercies of the news columns.

may be bankers in New York who would to you are not that kind. That isn't the nake stock worth forty-six hundred por u go slow.

In go slow, the see. Mr.—, what did you say the say Oh, yes. Well, what security have fier?

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Os the lot over carefully and hand them he agracious smile.

Very sorry Mr.—, ah, I forget the name—r these securities will not do. Our directively will not any dide in favor of dividend payers and government bonds. That is the dooron your right."

And you bow the great railroad king out just as pollicly as if he were a poor and honest man.

Would the Fresident of the United States dare to show such independence as this?—to throw away a whole vote. and George's, too? Well, guess not!

NIEM HUNDRED BILLIONS.

NER HUNDRED BILLIO



of a petition signed by every prominent man in the city begging him to withdraw his resignation.

NOT TODAY.

Imagine such a petition being signed for any of the gents now in that office!

But before he went our. Tom had done efficient work in helping to put down the riots of 1863, in establishing the Board of Heath and the paid fire departments, and in enforcing the excise laws (this is an obsolete custom—one of the forgotton arts).

arts).

He was appointed by President Grant superintendent of the United States Assay Office in 1940, and in 1882 his long time friend President Arthur gave him the delicate and responsible but not onerous task of holding down the millions in the grants building where the effigy of Washington sometimes fools the countrymen, who imagine it to be a cigar sign.

sometimes foods the countrymen, who imagine it to be a cigar sign.

Thus one man earned his bank presidency, for when in 1850 the Bank of New Amsterdam was projected and the best man to fill the executive office was sought for there was Thomas C. all rips and ready for the place. Perseverance and fa thful attention to business have been the ruling motives of his life. They pay better than Wall streetgambling, don't they, Thomas C.?

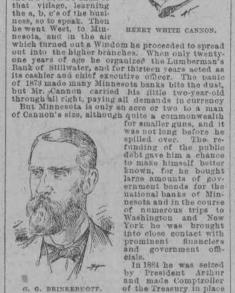
Mr. Henry White Cannon, who holds the tiller of the Chase National Bank, is one of those happy chaps who seems to have been almost born to banking, for he inherited a natural apiltude

10 cents

10 cents

10 cents

1 cents 1 THE AT



and government omcials.

In 1854 he was selzed
by President Arthur
and made Comptroller
of the Treasury in place
of Johu J. Knox. This
was quite a large hole to fill, but the youngster
filled it with signal ability.

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though, for the Chas: National said, "Come up higher, friend," and un November of the same year he resigned to accept the presidency of the latter institution.

Mr. Cannon is a member of the Executive Committee of the Clearing House and has just been appointed a member of the Assay Commission by fresident Harrison. Mayor Grant, to show that there were no hard democratic feelings against him, made him an Aqueduct Commissioner on the death of Mr. Howe. He is a member of the Union League, Contury Club, the Sons of the Revolution and New England Society, and is a member of Hane Masonic Lodge. He is trustee and a large contributor to the Eastern Dispensary, and a good all around fellow. Long may be wave—but stay! Cannons do not wave, they fire.

OUR COMING MAYOR.

We all know Joseph Edward Simmons—to know him is to love him, to name him is to praise—but how many of us know that he is a Duschman—Knickerbocker to the cors? His great grandfather, which bis name was Christiaan, with two a's, was a Hoi-



to those who were born to banking.

Of course, like every other young man, he had to sow his wild oats, and in the case of Mr. Simmons they took the form of law. He studied law, and actually practised it for four years at Troy, but in 1807 he repented and was forgiven, came to New York and began business as a banker and broker of stock. Then he loomed and boomed. Like a true Dutchman, for all Dutchmen are natural born bankers, he succeeded tremendeusly, but it was at the expense of his health, and he had to switch off and spend a year travelling in Florids.

A SON OF RENDUCKY.



So benefits. The severe of the prompt may be held to severe of an evidence of the prompt of the trace of the severe of an evidence of the prompt of the control of the prompt of the pro

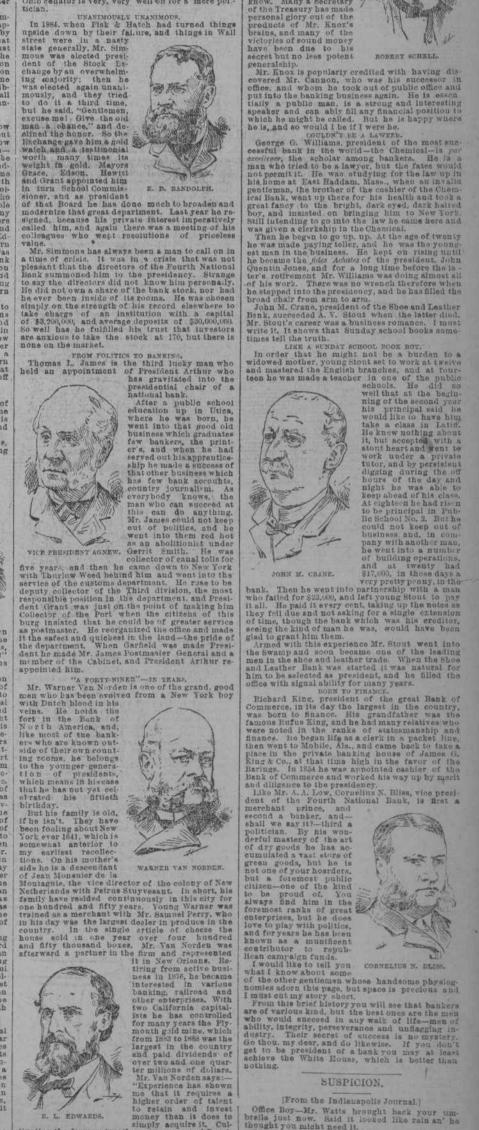
and Fort Sherman got immensely rich. I hope the Secretary made nothing in return, but then that thin benator is very, very well off for a more politician.

thiclan.

UNANIMOUSLY UNANIMOUS.

In 1884, when Fisk & Hatch had surned things upside down by their fai.ure, and things in Wall street were in a nasty state generally. Mr. Simmons was elected president of the Stock Exchange by an overwhelming majority: then he was elected again unanimously, and they tried to do it a third time, but he said, "Gentlemen, excuse me! Give the old man a chance," and decilined the honor. So the Exchange gave him a gold







The Apostle Paul had a keen insight into human nature when he said:—

PREDERICE P. TAPPIN. He has not much ac say, ming up the situation in a few words, and summing up the situation in a few words, and summing it up justly and correctly, makes him a priceless boon to the gatherers of financial news.

Mr. A. A. Low represents that large class of citizens who make successes in their own business and then become vice presidents of value to others. He is vice president of the Bank of Commerce, and though not the active head of that flourishing institution he is such a big man every way that it takes much deserved pride in owning him.

Mr. Low is a Yankee of the Yankees. His father was Seth and his son is Seth, and the whole family is successful. Coming from Salem he fell into commerce as naturally as a young duck into the water, and went into the Chinese and East Indian trades at a time when they were poetry and a fortune too. He learned the business in China from its rudiments, and when in 1841 he started the great house of A. A. Low & Brothers, which in the course of time had dozens and scores of glant clippers on deep water, he was prepared for great enterprises, and he has always been in them ever since. Twice unanimously elected president of the Chamber of Commerce, and once famous as the treasurer of the fund for the Lancashire suffered. Mr. Low has had so many public duties and known thrust upon him that a mere vice presidency of a big bank is a sort of byplay to a many sided career. He is a good man to put in any list, and I put him in mino to-day with all the pleasure imaginable.

The reputation of John J. Knox is national. He came to the presidency of the great National Bank of the Republic in the ripeness of his years and his fame, after having served for twenty years as the Compitolier of the Currency, during all the great output of greenbacks and the formation of the Rapublic of the Republic of the Prinancial Can know and the presental continues of the Rapublic of the Rapublic of the Rapublic of the Prinancial Can know and the products of Mr. Knox's



